

TO AID EMPLOYEES.

A NEW SCHEME OF THE W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.

Will Furnish Their Help With Medical Attendance.

William L. Douglas, the president of the world-famous W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., has always had a great personal interest in the welfare of his employees, and feels that if the idea is carried out to the extent that it is possible, that it will result ultimately in the breaking down of the barriers which have been built up between employers and those whom they employ, as it would convince the workmen that their employers were not their enemies, as some of them seem to think now, but their friends, with a desire to do all for them that was in their power.

Having strong feelings upon this point, it is only natural that Mr. Douglas should give the matter some study and acquaint himself with the result of the trials of similar plans in other places. He is satisfied that the scheme he has originated is a good one, and he has now put it to practical test.

He has handed to every person in his employ—and they form a small army—a card which will enable them to secure free medical attendance.

This is a practical illustration of Mr. Douglas' idea, and will surely be appreciated by the hundreds who receive the cards.

The plan is a real one. Speaking of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. it may be said that their factory is the only one in Brooklyn where the principle of arbitration is recognized and has full sway. Mr. Douglas is a firm believer in the principle and has been since the establishment of the state board of arbitration. He claims that labor troubles would not be as frequent as they are if manufacturers and help would recognize this great principle and adopt it.

Some 184 miles of railroad is owned by Ceylon.



Indigestion Troubled Me

And I was a constant sufferer. The poison in my blood made my limbs a solid mass of sores. I happened to read an advertisement of Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sarsaparilla in the paper and I at once prevailed upon my husband to let me try it. I took one bottle and it did me so much good that I kept using it until I had taken twelve bottles, and now I am entirely cured. Miss LUCIA MATLOCK, Bonita, Texas.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.



DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Biliousness

Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn, pain in chest, dyspepsia, constipation.

Poor Digestion

Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pain in the heart.

Loss of Appetite

A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility. Swamp-Root builds up quickly a run down constitution and makes the weak strong.

At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 size.

"Invaluable Guide to Health"—Free-Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE

WE WILL MAIL POSTCARD a fine color picture, entitled "MEDITATION".

In exchange for 10 Large Labels, 25c each, from John Coffee wrappers, and a 5-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

WOODSON SPIKE CO., 430 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

Child Birth Made Easy

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING

hold direct to consumers AT LOWEST PRICES

ever before offered. Buy direct from the

factory, cut from John Coffee wrappers, and a 5-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

WOODSON SPIKE CO., 430 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

Ely's Cream Balm

QUICKLY CURES

GOLD IN HEAD

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

ELY'S BROS., 26 Warren St., N. Y.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET.

BEST IN FIT.

BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

The outer or top sole extends the whole length down the heel, protecting the foot in digging and in other hard work.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

GARDENS.

The wide fair garden, the rich lush garden. Which no man planted, and no man tills. Their seeds drift from their cups of sweetness. Pines above them the wild free win. And night and morn from their doors are borne. The drosses of the tunes that blithe hearts sing.

The wavy gardens, the fragrant gardens That toss in the sun by the broad highway. Growing together, care and hatter, Astor and golden-red all the day. Poppe dark with the wine of slumber. Daisies bright with the look of dawn. The sentinal blue, and the lone year through. The flowers that carry the seasons on.

And the dear old gardens, the pleasant gardens Where mother used to pester about. Tying and pulling, and sparingly cutting. And watching each bud as its flower laughed out.

Hollyhocks here, and the prince's feather. Larkspur and primrose and lilies white. Sweet were the dear old fashioned gardens. Where we kissed the mother, and said, "Good-night."

—Harper's Bazar.

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER I.

Fate is Against Some People From the Cradle to the Grave.

"Change is the law of wind and moon and lover."

And yet I think, lost Love, had you been true. Some golden fruits had ripened for your pleasure.

You will not find in gardens that are new."

Many years have come and gone in my life since this eventful one of which my story tells. My name is Audrey Lovel, and I am the eldest daughter of the Reverend Archibald Lovel, and Millicent, his wife. The Reverend Archibald has been for many years vicar of St. Hubert's church at King's Lorton. He lives in a beautiful, old-fashioned vicarage, just outside the town of King's Lorton, a house such as you see in illustrated Christmas annuals, with gable ends and great stacks of chimneys, and great windows with pleasant seats in the deep bays. Tangle of roses and jasmine cover it in the summer; in the winter there is a wealth of green holly. A large, old-fashioned garden surrounds it, where every kind of tree grows and flower blooms. A bright, sunny orchard lies beyond that, the gates of which lead into the clover meadow, and at the foot of the meadow runs the clear, deep, beautiful river Linne, the loveliest river in England, and the great torment of my mother's life, for the boys were always coming to grief over it, either skating when the ice was not an inch thick, or swimming when the current was too strong—rowing when the wind was against them—fishing and falling head-first into the stream. That river was the one blot on my mother's otherwise happy life.

My father, not being by any means a rich man, was blessed with the usual large number of children. He was heard to say, despairingly, that he should cease to count them after the number of seven was reached.

We were nine in all. Six hearty, healthy, hungry boys, and three girls. I was the eldest. Then came the eldest son, certainly the most terrible boy in the world. My mother used to say of him, "Bob is all a boy," and that means a great deal. Archie, the second, was not quite his equal in mischief, but he had every desire to be so. Willie, the third, was a quiet, well-behaved boy, who lived in continual fear of his two elder brothers. Then came a sweet, fair-haired little maiden; it was rest for one's eyes to look upon her. She was called after our mother, Millicent. Then three more boys, the sole object of whose existence seemed to be eating and noise, varied with skirmishes of all kinds, carried on in all places and at all times—skirmishes that almost made my hair stand on end. Then came the last, sweetest, fairest, and best, a wonderfully fat, lovely baby girl, named Frotzie; the roundest, prettiest baby ever seen, worshipped by the family, adored by the boys.

"The boys!" Does any sympathetic reader know what that means? If you suddenly hear a tremendous crash like the roar of artillery, or a great upheaval like a tropical earthquake, and you ask in alarm, "What is it?" the inevitable answer is, "The boys." If there is a rush up and down the staircase, followed by sudden shrieks, unearthly noises, succeeded by silence even more terrible, and you ask, "What is it?" "The boys." Any unexpected explosion, any unforeseen accident, any unthought-of hap, had but one source, "the boys."

Yet how we loved them, and what fine, manly fellows they were. But they were the very torment of our lives. How they enjoyed luring that unhappy little maiden, Millicent, into the most unheard-of situations. The only one they held in supreme awe was Baby Frotzie, who ruled them with a rod of iron.

A large, happy, healthy family, and at the time this story opens I was just eighteen. I had, thanks to my father's insistence, received an excellent education, and was now supposed to be helping my mother.

Being the eldest daughter I had certain privileges. I had a dear little room of my own, the window of which overlooked the green meadow and the lovely brimming river! I had the entry to my father's library, a privilege which "the boys" most virtuously shunned. Altogether I loved and enjoyed my life, with its simple duties and pleasures. I had thought little of love and lovers. The boys absorbed all my leisure time—to save them from drowning, to keep them from breaking their necks by sliding down the great carved balusters, exhorting them as much as possible not to climb the very tallest trees in search of birds'-nests, and preventing them from throwing stones quite close to the windows.

My father took life very easily—the boys seemed to look upon him as a beloved friend and a natural enemy; no skirmishes were indulged in in his presence, no practical jokes. When they had misbehaved themselves to any great extent, they were very wary in turning corners, lest he should spring upon them suddenly, and a peculiar shrill whistle was the signal for clearing the coast; it meant that he was coming, and that summary justice might be expected. My father was a well-bred gentleman, and a splendid scholar; he spent the greater part of his life in writing and reading. His income was a small one, but my mother managed it.

My mother was one of the sweetest and most gracious of women, loved by everyone, the soul of generosity and kindness. She never raised her voice, even to the boys. She was essentially a motherly woman, and the boys were the pride, the delight, the torment, and joy of her life. She was well-born, well-bred, a lady in every sense of the word. She could make puddings and cakes, darn stockings, and yet in the drawing room she had all the graces and sweet staidness of an accomplished lady. I may mention that the boys' wardrobe was something fearful to behold, but my mother understood it.

There was no affluence, no luxury in our house; and, indeed, there was a difficulty in making both ends meet. But we were very happy, very loving, devoted to one another. There was no quarrelling, a terrific fight among the boys did not always mean a quarrel. There was no selfishness; there is no such school for learning self-denial and self-control as a large family.

About two miles from the vicarage stood the grandest mansion in the county, the residence of Lord Latimer, the greatest man in the county, and it was called Lorton's Cray. It was a wonder of our childish lives. A magnificent mansion, with thick, gray, ivy-covered walls. It had been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and held every beauty of the architecture of that period. The rooms were all large and lofty, with great windows; the floors and staircases were all of polished oak; the ceilings painted, the entrance hall a marvel of stained-glass windows, with a magnificent groined roof.

Once or twice in our lives we had been allowed to go through this house. It produced such an impression on the boys that they were silent for some days afterward. The picture-gallery ran the whole length of the house, and held some priceless paintings. The portraits of the Latimers for many generations past hung there, with a fine collection of modern paintings.

The drawing-room was a magnificent apartment; we held our breath as we stood on the threshold; even Bob and Archie collapsed—they were speechless. It was all white and gold. There was no color except the rich bloom of the rare flowers that stood in the jardinières; the hangings were of white velvet and white satin embroidered with gold; chairs, couches, lounges the same. From the large windows there was a superb view of the square of fountains and the deep green of the rich foliage beyond.

There was a spacious banquet hall, a cozy dining-room, a library that was unequalled for its size, a morning-room opening on a rose garden. The great state apartments were in the eastern wing. There were innumerable pretty little rooms, innumerable pretty nooks and corners in the old house.

It was a house full of surprises; where it was least expected one would find a large window with comfortable seats, a lonely little room, a door opening on to a quaint staircase that led to the grounds. Then, all over the place there was a perfect wealth of ornaments, the accumulated treasures of long generations—and the Latimers had always been very wealthy.

The grounds were magnificent; the fine old trees, the beautiful, undulating park, the lovely fairy dells where violets and cowslips grew, the matchless terraces, the broad marble steps that led from one to the other—it was all beautiful.

When we came from our last visit, my young brothers looked at me with contemplative, solemn eyes.

"Andrey," said Bob, "you will be, I think, good-looking. I hope you will remember your brothers, and marry well."

"A brother-in-law with a house like that would suit me," said Archie emphatically.

"Of course, as your brothers, we should be offered the run of the house," said Bob. "In fact, it would doubtless be thrown open to us."

How little I thought, while they teased me and enjoyed themselves over this future brother-in-law—how little I dreamed of what was to be!

Lord Latimer had not been to King's Lorton within my recollection. The house was beautifully kept. Mrs. Heath, an ancient butler, who seemed to be part of the place; and plenty of servants. Everything was kept in readiness; no matter when or how the old lord might return, he would have found everything prepared for him at any moment. For some years there was no mention made of Lord Latimer's return; all at once we heard that he was coming back, and bringing with him a young wife.

"A young wife!" cried my mother, when she heard it. "Why, that must be impossible; that must be untrue; he is over 60."

"Yes," replied my father, incautiously enough, considering the boys were all round him; "but then he is a very well-preserved man."

And the boys spent the remainder of the day in trying to find out what a "well-preserved" man was, and then making caricatures of him.

CHAPTER II.

The news of Lord Latimer's marriage and return spread like wild-fire over the country; nothing else was spoken of.

"It will be good for us and good for the poor," said my father. "Lord Latimer is very generous."

But I noticed one thing—my father never spoke of any other quality of the earl. He was generous, and he attended church regularly—two fine qualities.

Our children were all on the quiver to see the new lady of Lorton's Cray. We heard that the old lord had suddenly returned without having given one moment's warning, bringing with him his young wife and her lady's-maid. She was beautiful, they said, as an angel, her hair glittered like gold, and her face was fair as the dawn of the morning. She wore rich dresses of strange texture, and rare jewels. Some said she was proud and capricious, others that she was most loving and gentle. Every one gave a different opinion of her, and she had made a different impression on every person who had seen her—from which fact my father argued that she must be a wonderful woman.

Lord Latimer rode over to see my father the day after his arrival, an act of attention which delighted him. He behaved most generously—he gave him a check for the poor, a check for the church; he promised to assist with some alterations on which my father had set his heart; he inquired after the number of children at the vicarage, smiled when he heard there were six boys; he was—and we all liked him best for that—most amiable and agreeable to our dear mother; he spoke of his wife, said the journey had tired her, and that she was not quite well—but there was a curious tightening of the lips as he spoke of her.

The next day was Sunday, and we were all interested, knowing that we should see Lady Latimer at church. I need not say that our family pew was a sight to be remembered. Nine healthy, happy faces ornamented it. I am sorry to add that the conduct of the inmates was not always above suspicion. If Bob looked particularly devout, or Archie collected and calm, I knew that a dire catastrophe impended. It is not in boys' nature to remain quiet for more than ten minutes, if for so long.

I am ashamed to confess with what longing of impatience we awaited the coming of the Lorton's Cray party to church. Bob, who excelled himself in wickedness that morning, was busy. I could see, making a caricature on one side of the leaves of his prayer book. Archie was making a desperate effort to become possessed of it. Millicent, seated between the two belligerents, had a terrible time of it, and looked ready to cry.

I had just restored order when they came. I saw something that looked to me like a vision of grace and loveliness floating up the aisle of the old church. I saw rich silk and velvet sweep the ground, priceless lace fall in perfumed folds, jewels gleam here and there; in the breathless silence the soft frou-frou of the rich silk was distinctly heard.

I did not see her face until she was seated in the pew and all the excitement incident upon their coming was over; then I looked at her. I loved her that first moment; I have loved her ever since, and I shall love her until I die.

In what words can I tell the dainty, marvelous beauty of that young face, the perfection of its features, the loveliness of its coloring? It was the perfection of fair and brilliant beauty.

A low, white brow, round which golden rings of hair clustered, shining rings of rich, rare gold; delicate, level brows, dark, beautiful eyes, a mouth that seemed at once all good and all sweetness, a delicate chin, perfectly molded—a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Swimming Cavalry.

Some very interesting exercises in swimming cavalry took place lately on the Cabul river at Peshawar. The Thirteenth D. C. O. Bengal lancers have been practicing their horses in a large tank in their lines and on the river for some time. One squadron took cover along the river bank and kept up a steady fire to protect the passage of the other squadron, who placed their arms, accoutrements, and clothes in large country boats, and conducted their horses into the water. Some horses seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the water; others became unmanageable through fear. However, the opposite bank was reached and war paint resumed, and the squadron was with most creditable rapidity taking measures to protect their comrades, crossed in like manner.

He Was a Villain.

Friend—Well, Eliza, how do you like your husband? Eliza—He is a villain. Friend—All men are; but what has he done? Eliza—You know he was a widower. Well, I found out that all his love letters to me were copied verbatim from the ones he wrote to his first wife when they were courting.

Friend—Well, I wouldn't mind it. He will never send you any more.—Texas Sittings.

First Discovery of Coal in America. There are strong reasons for believing that we are indebted to the early French missionaries for the first discovery of coal on this continent. In McFarland's "Coal Regions of America" I find the following: "It is a remarkable fact that the first discovery of coal in America, of which an account has been preserved in a printed book, was made so far in the interior as Illinois, by Father Hennepin, more than 200 years ago."—St. Louis Republic.

Perfection in Cake-Making.

Housekeepers frequently wonder why it is that they cannot make biscuits and cake that are light and palatable and that taste as delicious as the biscuits and cake made by their mothers and grandmothers, the delightful memory of which even to this day creates a sensation of pleasure to the palate. The trouble arises from the highly adulterated state of the materials they have to work with, particularly the cream-of-tartar and soda used to raise or leaven the food. Cream-of-tartar and soda are now procurable for domestic purposes contain large quantities of lime, earth, alum and other adulterants, frequently from 5 to 35 per cent, and consequently vary so much in strength that no person can tell the exact quantity to use, or properly combine them, to insure perfect results. From using too much or too little, or because of the adulterants in them, bitter, salt, yellow or heavy biscuits or cakes are frequently made. These adulterants are also injurious to health.

All this trouble may be avoided by the use of the popular Royal Baking Powder. Where this preparation is employed in the place of cream-of-tartar and soda, its perfect leavening power always insures light, flaky, digestible biscuits, cakes and pastry, that are perfectly wholesome and free from the impurities invariably present when the old raising preparations are employed.

The Royal Baking Powder, we are informed by the most reliable scientists, is perfectly pure, being made from highly refined ingredients, carefully tested, and so exactly proportioned and combined that it never fails to produce the best and uniform results. An additional advantage in its employment comes from the fact that bread or other food made with it may be eaten while hot without fear of indigestion or any unpleasant results, while being equally sweet, moist and grateful to the palate when cold.

FACTS AND EVENTS.

The New York Herald was started in 1835.

Harvard distributes \$20,000 in scholarships among her undergraduates.

An instrument at Rome registered a Japanese earthquake, nearly a fourth of the earth's circumference away.

The celebrated sphinx, the figure of the crouching monstrosity near the great pyramid, is 173 feet and 6 inches long and 52 feet high.

Although a whale's mouth, when wide open, is about 12 by 18 feet in dimensions, its throat is so small that a hen's egg might choke it.

According to Gray, Michelet and Dobby, three eminent botanists, there is not a single known species of marine plant containing vegetable poisons.

A Spokane theater has just been nuled in \$300 because of the fall of an acrobat from a lofty trapeze. It was not the acrobat who got the money, but the man in the audience he fell on.

Frost bells are tolled in some districts of France when frost is threatened. Immediately the inhabitants place quantities of tar between the rows of vines. The tar is lighted and volumes of dense smoke arise, thus protecting the vines.

A New York notary public who took an acknowledgment from a person he did not know, to an order or money deposited in a bank, was sued by the real depositor for the money thus abstracted and now has to make good the whole amount.

The Indians about Wenatchee, Wash., have been expressing their disapproval of what they consider a great act of sacrilege on the part of the Great Northern railroad company. The cause of the complaint is that the Great Northern railroad has occasion to blast out some large rocks which are covered with hieroglyphics. These rocks the Indians regard as sacred, the hieroglyphics being a record of the Wenatchee Indian tribe, their battles, deaths, etc.

CHEAP AND DEAR CLOTHING. The coronation robes of Napoleon cost \$1,000.

A Greek hat in the time of Pericles cost ten cents.

Mary, queen of Scott, once paid \$2,000 for a dress.

Patron, pushing his cup away—You've made a mistake, waiter. I didn't order tea; I ordered coffee. Waiter, examining the beverage—That is coffee, sir. Patron—Well, if that's coffee, bring me a cup of tea.

Querius—How did such a place ever get the reputation of being a great health resort? Cynicus—Two or three prominent men died there.

First Man—That woman used to be my wife. Second Man—She's mine now, sir. First Man—Well, you needn't get huffy about it. You'll have a chance to get back at some other fellow.

Lightning Makes a Ball of Iron. A remarkable discovery was recently made while workmen were tearing down a building at Pesth, Hungary. When they removed the lightning rod, which had been erected some fifteen years previous, a large mass of pure iron was found firmly attached to the lower end. The lump was porous as a sponge, but pure and very heavy, the piece, which was not more than twice as large as the average man's head, weighing forty-six pounds. There is but one way of accounting for the peculiar position of this ball of iron—it had been brought together and shaped by the action of lightning or the iron particles in the clay.

Coughs and Colds,

Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, General Debility and all forms of Emaciation are speedily cured by

Scott's Emulsion

Consumptives always find great relief by taking it, and consumption is often cured. No other nourishment restores strength so quickly and effectively.

Weak Babies and Thin Children are made strong and robust by Scott's Emulsion when other forms of food seem to do them no good whatever.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrapper. Refuse cheap substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.